

# Great Sale of Embroideries.

Tomorrow, February 20, we commence the Greatest Embroidery Sales ever inaugurated in Grand Rapids. Having placed a large importation order before the advance in Muslins, we are in position to give the public exceptional good values in these goods, consisting of Hamburg and Swiss Embroideries and Inserting, Flouncing, All-over Embroidery, etc., all new and beautiful patterns.

Sale will positively close Saturday Evening, February 25.

**VOIGT, HERPOLSHMEYER & CO**

## We Quote a Few Prices:

The Prices Will Comprise from 2c per Yard to \$1.50 per yard.

2c, 3c, 4c and 5c Embroidery for	2c y'd
6c, 7c, 8c and 10c Embroidery for	5c y'd
12 1-2c, 15c and 16c Embroidery for	10c y'd

Higher priced goods proportionately cheap.  
Would advise forenoon trading to avoid the rush of the afternoon.  
**Remember the Day and Date.**

## TO MEET THIS WEEK

A Notable Gathering at the National Capital

### OF THE DAUGHTERS OF 1776

The Drum Taps of History Will Be Heard—Great Societies That Meet This Week—The Officers.

New York, Feb. 18.—Ten can hear the drum taps of American wars this week if you listen closely enough. At Washington the continental congress will be in session. In Philadelphia the society of the War of the Revolution will meet.

At Syracuse and elsewhere in the nation the boys of the "dixie" will blow again and recall the great times of the civil war. So the week in which occurs the anniversary of Washington's birth will again be an eventful one with us. We recall history on that day and very often we make it.

Of the old societies that of the war of 1776 is the most interesting, as the body contains a few at least of those who fought at New Orleans and on Lake Erie. The society celebrates each year the actual date of the close of the war, the date on which the treaty of peace was proclaimed by the executive of the nation.

But it is of the continental congress I desire to speak more especially. Not only is it the birthplace of the nation, but it is the place where the first steps were taken toward the establishment of a government. It was here that the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and the first laws of the new nation were passed.

In 1790 five of these daughters met in Washington. It was on October 11, not an eventful date in our history, but to be made so by their work. From that day to this the organization has increased from five to two hundred, and from a single chapter to one in every state in the union. From

all points of the compass these daughters answered the call, just as our forefathers rushed to Lexington over a century ago.

But Washington is fully aware of the honor conferred upon it by the session of these American women.

The Sons of the American Revolution will meet at the Arlington on the afternoon of the 22d, and here is the reception committee appointed by them to do honors of the day upon the arrival of their guests, the Daughters of the Revolution: M. M. Parker, Admiral J. E. Jouett, Gen. H. V. Boynton, Gen. William Smith, Congressman Mansur, Gen. Horatio G. Gibson, Col. Charles B. Greenleaf, Capt. Calvin D. Cowles, Commodore F. W. Dickins, Alexander P. Morse, Capt. Robert Clark, Prof. O. T. Mason, H. G. Ogden, Francis E. Leupp.

Here, to begin with, is a list of the society's officers, names that recall others famous in American history: Vice president general, Mrs. William D. Oubell; vice president general in charge of the organization, Mrs. H. V. Boynton; president general, Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks; Mrs. David A. Porter; Mrs. Margaret Hessel; vice president general, Mrs. T. H. Alexander; Mrs. A. W. Greedy; Mrs. Mary Datto; Mrs. Ellen H. Walworth; Mrs. Hugh Hogan; Mrs. Henry Blount; Mrs. Marshall MacDonald; Mrs. Stephen J. Field; Mrs. G. Brown Woods; Mrs. F. O. St. Clair; Mrs. John W. Foster; Mrs. John R. Putnam; Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; Mrs. W. G. Dewar; treasurer general, Mrs. H. G. Tittmann; secretary, Mrs. George H. Shields; corresponding, Mrs. Rose Wright Smith; registrars, Mrs. A. Howard Clarke; surgeon general, Mrs. Clara Barton; historical general, Mrs. M. L. Lockwood; chaplain general, Mrs. Thomas S. Hamlin.

The advisory board will also be in session this week and will be graced by the presence and probably be honored with addresses by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Hon. Marshall MacDonald, Gen. H. V. Boynton and George H. Shields.

There is an addition to the continental congress and advisory board a national board of management, and this consists of twenty-two state regents, all of whom have promised to attend. It is the board which carries out to the letter that portion of the constitution which provides for the preservation of the old records and documents dating back to the troubled times of 1776. And, by the way, this constitution is interesting

reading. "Here is the purpose of the society carefully outlined and defined: 'The purpose of this society is to keep alive among ourselves and our descendants the patriotic spirit of the men who, in military, naval or civil service, by their acts or counsels, achieved American independence in 1776. To collect and secure for preservation all records and documents relating to the war of the revolution, to assist in the commemorative celebration of our great historical events, to promote social intercourse and good feeling among its members now and hereafter.'

But a word of the famous women who form part and parcel of the continental congress. Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, widow of Gen. E. I. Darling, is known as the founder general of the national society and is always the most conspicuous figure at these annual gatherings. She is pure of Puritan stock, the line of her ancestry containing the names of the Adamses.

Miss Eugenia Washington has been asked to read a paper to the society this year, and her name will recall one stamped with the great seal of American nobility.

But ancestry counts for much in this gathering. From the south comes daughters whose Huguenot family line goes deep into history. From New York come the descendants of the Dutch, although here and there a Huguenot strain will be found, for Mrs. BOGER A. PRYOR, Edward Paulet Steers, regent of the New York society, claims no vans as ancestors. From New England come Mrs. Leroy Sunderland Smith, also an Adams, and Mrs. G. V. R. Wickham, Springfield, Mass., who traces her ancestry back into Puritan history. From Virginia, "the mother of presidents," come a host of noble women. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor represents both the New York and the Virginia society, although it is to Virginia she owes the debt of birth. Mrs. C. Martin Casey goes as a delegate from New York, but she is a typical F. V. Her great-grandfather, Robert Martin, the founder of Methuen in Virginia, was born in 1718. On her mother's side she traces her ancestry back to the venerables who went over to England with William the Conqueror.

It will be a famous gathering of famous women and history will undoubtedly record its significance.

Very different. One may learn all sorts of new and surprising things by listening to children. Two small boys were sitting on the fence, says a neighbor, and just then several large birds went sailing over. "Oh, see the eagle!" said Andy. "Poo!" said William. "Those ain't eagles. They're sea gulls. Eagles begin with E and sea gulls begin with C."

## IN PERIL OF WOLVES

A Thrilling Incident of the River Days of Old

### THAT TESTED MEN'S NERVES

The Steamboat Northerner Pulls to Shore for a Drove of Hogs, But They Prove Wolves.

Near Wilmore, Ky., lives an old gentleman known as Capt. John S. Cogar. He has been all his life, until lately retired, a well-known riverman, and has operated on many of the important steamboat lines on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. He relates the following incident:

In January, 1858, he was on a run from Louisville to St. Louis with the steamer Northerner. For about forty days prior to this date a heavy snow had covered the earth and the weather was rather frigid. The Northerner was in command of Capt. Joe Reed, with Capt. Cogar as first mate. The large paddle steamer was on its way to St. Louis, and had left Cairo about ten o'clock, and was quietly steaming up the river with about forty cabin and seventy-five deck passengers and two hundred tons of freight on board. About one o'clock at night three low, dull blasts of the night whistle announced the landing of Cape Jericho, Mo., just ahead, and Capt. Cogar gave the signal: "All hands forward." Though there was a deep snow the night was unusually dark, and Capt. Cogar, passing forward to the lower deck, observed an immense collection of small animals on the wharf, which he, in the absence of information, took to be a drove of hogs for shipment, and ordered the stowing all landed, and preparations made for driving the hogs aboard, which was quickly done, and the big boat securely anchored. This was no sooner completed with human flesh. Capt. Cogar ordered all deck hands immediately to the engine-room house, the door closed and all the torches lighted. He also ordered the doors leading to the cabin closed. In the wild and indescribable excitement two of the deck hands were literally torn to pieces and died before reaching the engine house. Before the doors could be closed to the cabin three wolves had entered, and, finding two men engaged in a game of cards, they sprang upon them with the ferocity of a tiger, biting, scratching and tearing the men almost to shreds before they were killed, one of the passengers dying before the boat arrived in St. Louis.

The boat, having pulled out from the wharf, lay drifting with the current while the remarkable battle was in progress within. Seeing that the passengers were safe in their state-rooms and the howling wolves confined to the lower deck, Capt. Cogar, in conjunction with Capt. Reed, began systematic preparation for battle. They, with the entire force of deck hands, except those already in, entered the engine-house by way of the after-guard, carrying with them all their firearms. They made two divisions of their men, one armed with torchlights and the other with Winchester rifles and shotguns, the purpose of the torchlights being to hold the enemy at bay while the riflemen shot them. They rushed out of the engine-house door. With the lights in front forming a line, the men with lights and guns alternating, they began firing, and after something like fifty shots were fired the lower deck lay covered with the man-eaters. They were pitched overboard and the vessel proceeded to its destination.

### HOW WATER FREEZES.

The Interesting Process as Carried On in Nature's Alchemy.

A scientific paper describes how the process of freezing is carried on in nature's alchemy. By means of two thermometers it is first ascertained that the temperature of the water at the surface and at the bottom is respectively 45 degrees and 43 degrees. A cold wind sweeps over the surface of the water, so that the temperature is suddenly reduced to, say, 44 degrees. By this reduction in temperature it contracts and becomes specifically heavier, sinking and displacing the comparatively light and warm water below, which rises to the surface, and immediately falls, displacing the warmer water at the bottom, which in turn rises, gets cooled and falls, its place being again supplied by lighter and warmer water. And so the cooling and sinking processes go on, the upper thermometer always indicating the higher temperature, when suddenly the magic point, 32 degrees, is reached, when all movement at once ceases. The upper layer of water is still exposed to the cooling influence of the wind, and steadily falls in temperature, but still retains its place. The upper thermometer now shows that the water which surrounds it is being rapidly reduced in temperature, but the lower one remains stationary at 32 degrees. At this temperature water is heavier than at any other, and there, like a stone, it remains at the bottom, and as it is fully protected from outward influences by the mass of superincumbent water, its temperature remains just such at the same point.

## SAVED BY HIS HORSE.

Very Peculiar Escape of a Man from a Break in the Ice.

The story comes up from below the city, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, about a man who attempted to cross the Androscoggin on the ice and was swamped, together with his team. He had been hauling wood across the river for several days, and had just one more load to haul.

As the water was up on the face of the ice he first thought to put off hauling it, but the thought that perhaps there would not be another chance to haul it made him go across. When he started back he thought he wouldn't go in the same track where he had hauled the rest, so he went a little above. The ice began to crack slowly when he got to the middle. Quick as a flash he unfastened the two tugs and one holdback. Then he struck the horse violently with the whip. At the same time the sled load of wood went through with a crash. He commenced to sink with it, but when the horse had been struck he jumped ahead and, breaking the off holdback, jerked the man off the load and dragged him to the shore with the reins. There he stopped and the man got up. When he looked back the top of the wood and the shafts could be seen sticking out of the hole in the ice. He says that he had rather lose the wood than go near the hole again. It is frozen in now.

### A Cat's Trip to India and Back.

A good cat story, says the London correspondent of the Yorkshire Post, comes from Bombay. In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took out with him a cat which he intended to present to a friend in India. Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pussy was missed, and, though she was searched for high and low, she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on the 25th of October as calm and collected as though a trip to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper, and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy.

### An Ignorant Stranger.

Stranger—Where is the courthouse?  
Boy—Just six blocks west from here.  
Stranger—But I—I don't know which way is west.  
Boy—If you stand with your face to the north, an' then y'r right hand'll point east an' y'r left hand'll point west. Thort everybody knew that—Good News.

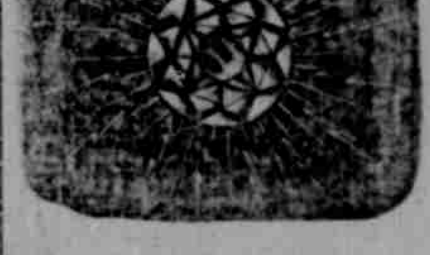
## DIAMONDS

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